The Faithful

Young Man & Conſtant Maid;

OR,

The Unexpreſſable Love between ſweet *WILLIAM* and fair *ELENOR*.

To the Tune of, *The Plowman's Health.* This may be Printed. R. P.

WE will leave all the thoughts of the world for a while
and in this ſweet Grove an hour beguile,
We will ever reſolve to be conſtant and true
And Innocent Joys we will now renew,
To my Fair pretty Elinor faithful I'le prove,
If beauteous young Elinor me will love;
To my fair pretty *Elenor*, faithful i'le prove,
if, &c.

I will love my ſweet William above all mankind,
And ever be true, and at all times kind,
All young Lovers hereafter ſhall learn by us two,
To be always conſtant, and always true,

No Fortune ſhall make me, from thee e're depart
And to my ſweet William i'le give my Heart;
No Fortune ſhall make me from thee e're depart,
And, &c.

No Youth to a Beauty more conſtant ſhall be,
Then I will be always, (fair maid) to thee
No Fortune or Fate, ſhall extinguiſh this Fire,
Nor no other Beauty create deſire,
'Tis only fair Elenor that I will love
And ever to her will I conſtant prove.
'Tis only fair *Elenor* that I will love,
and ever, &c.

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and ever, &c.

When Marriage ſhall bring me into thy ſoft Arms,
How happy ſhall I be in thy charms?
How happy each day, and how happy each night?
The day bringing Pleaſure, the night Delight.
I ſhall then be happy all days of my Life,
Poſſeſſing all Joys in a vertuous Wife,
I ſhall then be happy all dayes of my Life,
Poſſeſſing, &c.

We will leave this lewd World to it's wretched Eſtate,
And now we will love before 'tis too late,
Each Grove, and each Fountain a witneſs ſhall prove,
How dearly we'l live, and how well we'l Love.
The Pleaſures of Lovers we here ſhall obtain,
And after we ſhall in Elyſium reign;
The Pleaſures of Lovers we here ſhall obtain,
And, &c.

If lovely fair Maids will reſolve to be coy
They loſe thoſe ſweet minutes they might enjoy,
If Beauty, to Beauty, will only be kind,
Young Maids to themſelves muſt be then confin'd,
And Lovers but vainly thoſe Beauties doe ſerve;
But Maidens may give what Men don't deſerve,
And Lovers but vainly thoſe Beauties do ſerve,
But, &c.

Then let us enjoy while our Paſſions are ſtrong
A minutes delay will appear too long,
Though Beauty is lovely and always does pleaſe,
'Tis kindneſs that only can Flames appeaſe,
'Tis kindneſs that always creates a deſire,
And is the ſweet Fewel to Cupids Fire;
'Tis kindneſs that always creates a deſire,
And, &c.

Fair Elenor thus let us Pleaſures purſue,
And let us (like Turtles) be ever true,
That young Men & Maidens our praiſe may proclaim
And by our example may live in Fame,
That Ages hereafter may learn for to prove,
More true and more conſtant, and always Love,
That Ages hereafter may learn to prove,
More True and Conſtant, and always Love.

Printed for J. Back at the Black Boy near the Draw-Bridge on London-Bridge.